New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

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The Test of Fact

The essence of the Administration's position is that, the railroads and the shopmen both having agreed to abide by the decisions of the Labor Board and the shopmen having agreed to accept the ordered cut in wages, there is not sufficient moral or practical substance in the seniority issue to justify a prolongation of the strike.

With respect to morals, the Administration's spokesmen contend that the pension right of the striking shopmen is as good as the right of newcomers to special privileges in the shops; with respect to practicalities, that with work behindhand the roads will need both the new and old hands until natural retirements make permanent room for both classes of workers; and finally, despite the general impression to the contrary, that the seniority rules, aside from pensions, are of small consequence, the privileges at stake not being comparable to those which exist in other industries.

If an exaggerated importance has been given to the seniority issue by the railroad executives and they are not justified in refusing a settlement on account of it, the converse follows—namely, that neither strikers nor Administration is warranted in sticking stiffly for an exact restoration of the *status quo* of July 1.

The White House does not seem to quarrel with this conclusion. Provided obedience to the Labor Board is secured, it indicates its main object has been attained. So, properly enough, it gives the railroads a chance to demonstrate by actual experiment whether they can induce their former employees to return as new men. Reports come of a breakdown in the solidarity of the striking shopmen. Only a short time is required to find out whether this is true or not.

The primary business of the Administration is to put the public interest first. Whether the railways or the shopmen win on the issue now drawn is secondary. The supreme public interest is that transportation shall not be seriously interrupted. Exactly how it is to be kept open is important, but is not immediately vital.

But a loophole toward a possible compromise is open. What would be the attitude of the warring parties toward a proposal that the Labor Board, which has plenary control over seniority questions even as it has over wage questions, should decide what rules should be applied?

As to seizure and operation—this should obviously be the last thing considered. Too long have the railroads been kicked about, to the injury of the public and the practical confiscation of honest investment.

A Campaign Issue

However admirable may be the new building code to be drafted by a commission appointed by the State Industrial Commissioner, it must be approved by the Legislature before it can become effective.

Members of the Legislature view with distrust bills which are submitted to them by civic bodies or commissions, even though they may be perfectly good bills.

They hold the view that their prerogatives are infringed upon if they take ready-made legislation as it comes. They have an aversion to being called "rubber stamps." For this reason many excellent measures prepared by people who know best how they ought to be drawn fail of passage or are so amended as to be wholly devitalized.

The need of a new building code is so great and the importance of a well drawn one is so extreme that all citizens familiar with building operations and abuses ought to do their best to make a campaign issue of the matter.

Legislators will need to be educated in the value to the public welfare of building laws that will tend to eliminate graft and prevent profiteering and ultimately bring rents to their proper level.

Doubtless great care will be exercised by the commission in drawing the code, but it must be borne in mind that the Legislature has the deciding voice.

The Senate and Assembly of 1922-'23 will have no more important business before it than the enactment of better building laws. Care should be taken before support is pledged to any candidate to see that he understands this subject and is willing to vote in the interest of the citizens instead of in the interests of grafters and profiteers.

The German Benefactor

Lord Balfour, famed as much for what he does not say as for what he says, has carefully left out of his note about the Allied debts any identification of the ultimate benefactor of the proposed general debt cancellation. He mentions the moral issues surrounding the origin of the debts and speaks of the high sentiments which have animated the British government in suggesting that if the United States will cancel Britain's debt Britain will be equally generous with her debtors.

But what he does not say is that if this plan is put through Germany will be the gainer and the United States the loser. He avoids direct mention of the possibility that following such a general cancellation France and England may merely cancel paper credits with paper debits, while Germany will be relieved of reparation payments at America's expense.

The American people will scarcely welcome a settlement of the debt question which makes the United States shoulder an important share of Germany's burden. We have no active desire to pay Germany's bill.

The Administration in appointing the commission to consider the debt question made it clear that the case of each nation would be dealt with separately and on its own merits. The Balfour note affords merely another indication that the efforts to link the debt and reparations questions are unwise and impolitic. The American people may be willing to alleviate the burdens of those nations in Europe which are without war guilt, but they are not impressed by schemes for helping Germany alone.

Unsafe for Thieves

The fact that the irresponsible bucketshop proprietor has found it inadvisable to seek to do any further business in New York City is highly creditable to District Attorney Banton.

Mr. Banton has been on the trail of crooked bucketeers since the first one got into difficulties more than six months ago. Practically every prosecution he has brought has resulted in conviction—and in conviction for larceny, which was followed by a penitentiary sentence for the defendant.

Not only are gullible investors safeguarded by this activity on the part of the District Attorney, but the entire financial district is housecleaned and legitimate investment is vastly aided.

Mr. Banton is proceeding without reverence for anything except justice and the law. When he found that a bucketeer had been stealing he submitted the evidence to a grand jury, secured an indictment and relentlessly prosecuted it.

Now the bucketeers are going elsewhere to set up their establishments, but they will never prosper as they did in New York, for in no place else in the country are there so many persons to victimize.

When District Attorneys in other states follow Mr. Banton's example this evil will soon be lessened, for crooks cannot thrive where law enforcement is rigorous.

Rural America

That the American stock, if such a term may be applied to the native whites born of native parents, numbers only a little more than half the population of the country is generally known. In 1920 it amounted to 55.3 per cent of the total population, as compared with 53.8 per cent in 1910.

But it is less well known that the percentage of the old American stock is much higher in the rural than in the urban districts. The Census Bureau classes as "urban" all communities having more than 2,500 inhabitants. The rest of the country is known as "rural." Although this classification does not permit a separation of the small towns and the cities, it helps to define the exact nature of the rural population, which includes nearly 48 per cent of the people in the country. Of the rural group 65.9 per cent are native born of native parents and 20 per cent are native born of foreign or mixed parents, or foreign born. Of the total urban population, on the other hand, only 45.2 per cent are native born of native parents and 48 per cent are native born of foreign or mixed parents, or foreign born.

While the "urban" qualification is unsatisfactory, because unclear, it shows that the later arrivals do not take kindly to the soil. Of the foreign born nearly 80 per cent are classified as urban. Of these the greater portion are in the big cities and industrial centers.

The influence of this distribution upon the political and social complexity of the country is only too often ignored. New Yorkers generally realize, for example, that their city contains an enormous foreign population. But they fail to see that the tendency is toward making New York non-American. They do not appreciate the growing differences between the old-fashioned ideas and ideals of the native rural regions and the new impulses in the great centers of the newcomers.

If the present tendencies continue the rural regions will become the guardians of the America of days gone by. That the great urban centers would gradually become more and more alien once seemed a certainty, but the new immigration law will soon begin to show its effects.

Indorsing Tammany

James J. Walker owes his position in the Senate to Tammany Hall. He is a consistent and energetic supporter of Tammany measures. He is, and has been since his entry into politics, a dyed in the wool Tammany man.

Even when acting in his private capacity as an attorney for the motion picture people his heart was true to Tammany, and it was to that organization that he gave most of the energy he possessed while a Senator.

The Citizens Union, for reasons as yet inscrutable, says pleasant things about Mr. Walker, and by its indorsement of his record has probably assisted him in his next campaign.

Yet, whether made by the Citizens Union or anybody else, an indorsement of Walker is an indorsement of Tammany and all that Tammany means.

If the Citizens Union believes that Tammany is a menace to good government it is difficult to understand why it has selected a typical Tammany Senator as a target for its bouquets.

American Women Lagging

Women abroad are making greater political progress than women in the United States, is the opinion of Miss Anne Martin, who has just returned from a trip through England, Germany and Italy. Being the first woman to run for a seat in the Senate, Miss Martin had a peculiar interest in the political activities of the women of the Old World.

In England it seems that women have formed an election committee taking in all kinds of organizations with the avowed purpose of sending no less than three hundred women to the House of Commons. In Germany there are already thirty-seven women in the Reichstag. In Italy, Miss Martin says, the woman movement is barely stirring.

American women are much less militant with their suffrage privileges than English and German women. They are spoiled by their menfolk, Miss Martin thinks. They are treated so well and flattered so much that they are lulled into complacency. Inequalities here are not so flagrant that they sting women into group action. Nevertheless she is probably right in her feeling that such inequalities as there are cannot be cured by the mere passage of laws if they are interpreted by men alone. Only by actually taking part in the making and interpreting of laws can the equality aimed at be attained.

The Highway Hen

In Winsted, Conn., where nature stages a new sideshow every day, The Tribune's special correspondent hails a seven-weeks-old chick as the youngest egg layer in the universe. This isolated prodigy may be accepted with amazement, but let us note a general change in behavior, related to the profound problem "Why does a chicken cross the road?" that seems to indicate that the clucking clan is growing cleverer.

Hens are no longer the bane of the motorist. They frequent the highways as much as ever, but now they take to the ditch on their own side of the road with commendable dispatch. They hardly wait to be honked to cover. Where formerly a driver needed to be skillful to avoid poultrycide, to-day he must use strategy inspired by artful malice if he should attempt to run down a feathered victim. Such, at all events, is the observation of many automobilists on the routes most traveled. And where the field of operations is narrow, as on Cape Cod, the gallinaceous dodgers are peculiarly agile.

Is it the survival of the fittest? Are the fleet and circumspect estrays from the barnyard the descendants of combed forebears that were motor shy, and so lived to crow and cackle another day while the less wary perished? What have the Darwinians to say of that?

Suicides Among Doctors

The motive factors of suicide have often been listed. Despondency leads, followed by domestic unhappiness, ill health, insanity, disappointed love, business losses. These afflictions are generally distributed. But tabling the figures by occupations reveals that year by year physicians are most of all given to self-destruction.

A medical journal explains the melancholy fact by the nature of the doctor's calling; it is said that the occupational strain is greater in the medical profession than in any other. The layman often marvels that those who see so much misery are to all appearances most cheerful and optimistic. A down-in-the-mouth doctor is, happily, a rarity. Few are the physicians who, as did the father of Clemenceau, abandon the practice of medicine because they suffer too keenly themselves from the sufferings of their patients. If their serenity is a mask for inward torment it is still more eloquent of the courage exacted by their profession.

The physician's suicide is most of all deplorable in that he casts away a life devoted to life saving. The effects of his act are multiplied. It may be, as the medical paper intimates, that his temptation to self-slaughter is stronger than that of other men. He is the less likely to resist since he has at his disposal sure agents, which others obtain with difficulty, of making his quietus quick and painless. Perhaps this practical facility explains in a measure why some doctors give up the good fight when they find themselves faltering.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

No, Thank You

The locust is delicious,
The scientist observes;
His flesh is most nutritious
And builds both bones and nerves.
You simply cannot beat them
For laying luscious eggs—
Folks really ought to eat them
Because they are such plagues.

The rattlesnake and lizard,
Within the course of time,
Some scientific wizard
Will find to be sublime.
We'll get no peace or quiet
Unless we eat the snakes
And supplement our diet
On juicy lizard steaks.

They also may discover
That wasps and ants and flies
Are quite as good as plover
When baked in flaky pies.
All insects in creation
And all the reptile brood,
With proper mastication,
May prove good, wholesome food.

But we get strangely soured
And go quite off our head
On finding we've devoured
An ant with pie or bread.
We've built our blood and sinew
On vegetables and meat,
And thus we shall continue
While they hold out to eat.

Striking Resemblance

Germany is like the colored gentleman who prayed Mr. Johnson to turn him loose on the ground that he had no money but a good excuse.

De Wolf Hopper, for Example

Some actors would have a pretty good record for church attendance if they never went to church except when they were married.

Times Have Changed

In Europe nowadays a slacker is a statesman who doesn't want to go to a peace conference.

(Copyright by James J. Montague)

The Railroad Deadlock

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I have been a reader of The Tribune for some time, but I was much surprised at and displeased with the editorial in this morning's issue relative to the railroad strike.

I consider (and others with whom I have conversed have expressed the same views) that the action of the railway executives was an exhibition of the good old-fashioned American backbone, which has been so wofully lacking in recent years.

I have no reason to favor the railways, but I think they are absolutely correct in the position they take regarding seniority. When men deliberately ignore the rulings of a national body, such as the Labor Board, and exercise the privilege of giving up their positions as a consequence, their resignations should be considered final, and any reinstatement should be made on the basis of new applicants.

T. MILTON TAYLOR.

New York, Aug. 3, 1922.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Considering the fact that the shopmen's unions have accepted the President's recommendations only in form and not in fact—and I refer particularly to their reservation of the right to again strike whenever they disagree with the future rulings of the Labor Board—do you not think that your editorial of this morning, "Supreme Folly," is unfair to the railroad executives, and through them, in the long run, to the public?

The agreement by both sides to abide in the future, subject solely to arbitration or appeal, by the Labor Board's rulings is, to my mind, the oyster that makes the stew; without the oyster it becomes a mess of pottage—the public's.

GEORGE W. GRIFFIN.

New York, Aug. 3, 1922.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Congratulations on a most powerful and convincing editorial, "Accept," in this morning's paper.

This is worthy of the great traditions of The Tribune in standing for the public and for the right.

MAJOR ROY DICKINSON,
Member President Harding's Conference on Unemployment.

New York, Aug. 2, 1922.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: A large number of your readers will refuse to accept your conclusions as voiced in your editorial of to-day's issue, "Accept." If your paper and others had voiced in a strong manner the advisability of retaining the anti-strike clause in the Cummins-Esch bill and Congress had men of brains and pluck we would not now have chickens coming home to roost. It is not right to have this country ruled by a noisy minority, and we will rue the day if they are allowed to dictate this government's policy.

ARCHIBALD E. REID.

New York, Aug. 2, 1922.

The Tower

HOMESICKNESS

OUT of the roar of the street, the voices of bells came chiming
Like naiads, born from the foam of a sullen and thunderous sea;
Weaving a mystical spell with their vague, inarticulate rhyming,
Melting the walls of the town by the tide of their melody.

Over a mist-covered field, their echoes came, clink-clang-clinging;
Out of the darkening sky there blossomed the first faint stars;
The sun had died in the west; in a maple a robin was singing
As the cows came up through the dusk to low at the pasture bars.

They snuffed, and their breath was sweet with fragrance of thyme and clover;
Their bells rang soft and faint in the hush of the coming night;
A whippoorwill called from the hill that the work of the day was over,
And down by the pasture brook the glowworm kindled his light.

Out of the roar of the town, the chime of the bells came pleading:
"Come home. It is milking time in the land of an unmarred sky."
It was only a junkman's cart with a frowzy driver unheeding
His chorus of magical bells with their passionate, wistful cry.

Apparently the only theory not advanced thus far is that the arsenic was put in the poisoned pies to keep the flies off them.

PLEASE PASS THE ECTOPLASM

(From The Tribune)

In this connection Mr. Banton declared that it might be difficult to establish legally the fact that those who died did actually dine in the restaurant, and therefore, he said, he wished that all those who ate there Monday would communicate with him, as they might be helpful on this point.

Somehow, thinking of the woes that beset other people doesn't cheer us up a bit at present. The owner of the late singing phonograph across the airshaft has bought a set of these daily dozen, early morning exercise records.

We have a mean suspicion that the instructor in the above cited recoras who shouts in a voice filled with vim and vigor, "Lock fingers above head! Ready! One, two, three, four!" was actually sitting in an easy chair when the records were made.

You're Breaking Our Heart

He is a high private in the rear ranks of the Grand Army of Column Contribs. For a time he landed regularly in the column of the paper that is your vacation companion.

He has some ardent admirers and each week they look for his bit.

Sunday he sent in his usual weekly contribution. It must have lacked the w. k. punch, for it did not land.

Then the admirers, mentioned above, started to ask: "How come?" Was he falling down? He'd better make it snappy if he expected to land this week," etc.

He tried to be guided accordingly, but his powers of imagination ceased to function. He tried and tried, but in vain. Then an inspiration came. It was typed and sent in—and you have just finished reading it.

BILL NETCH.

Swivel chairs are one item on the War Department's list of goods for auction. Many of them, no doubt, badly marred by spur scratches.

SLUMBER SONG

(For Helen)

Sleep, baby, sleep! The white clouds are thy sheep
That go before the gentle shepherd breeze.
They feed in fields of blue
On some celestial dew
Or lie beneath the shining silver trees.
Sleep, my baby, sleep!

Rest, birdling, rest! My cradling arms the nest
That shields thee from the waiting wings of wrong
While through the twilight hush
The holy hermit-thrush
Makes prayer and praise for thee, as evensong.
Rest, my doveling, rest!

Dream, dearest, dream! The stars are all agleam,
Like cressets at thy slumber shallop's prow.
O Mary, mother sweet,
Guard thou, at head and feet,
And lay thy blessing on her breast and brow.
Dream, my darling, dream!

PERLEY A. CHILD.

If you believe the papers these days, people vote in primaries not to nominate but to repudiate somebody.

We can't help marveling at the humility shown by those in the seats of the mighty. A Roman emperor, we understand, was willing to have the month of August named for him.

As Maine Goes, So Goes the Nation

(From The Portland (Me.) Press-Herald).

Miss Florence M. Day, of Holly Street, is the guest of J. Frank McKone at his cottage at Bonney Eagle Lake.

A bootlegger has been arrested and the police are all steamed up because he had counterfeit bills in his possession.

They certainly ought to be legal tender for the stuff he sells. F. F. V.

THE LATEST REPORT ON THE AUTO TRADE

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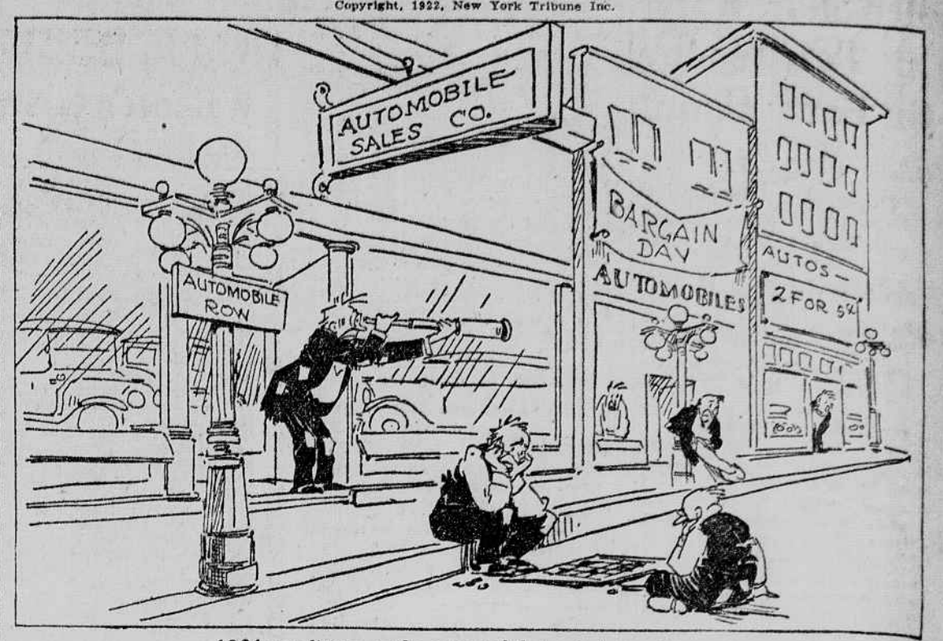

1921 conditions in the automobile trade have given way

To a much more encouraging balance for 1922

Biology and Government

(From The Kansas City Star)

Another trouble with civilization is, so we understand from Albert Edward Wiggam, a scientific authority, that it makes the mistake of intrusting legislation to statesmen instead of to biologists. At least, that is the conclusion that must be drawn from his contention that government as it now operates in the world is not concerning itself with the really vital things.

Those vital things, he has recently told a Philadelphia audience, are the processes of evolution by which, in time (he does not say how long), the weak and vicious of the human race will be eliminated. It ought, therefore, to be the business of government to hasten these processes rather than to retard them by trying to make the weak and vicious strong and virtuous. We gather that it is his opinion, then, that if we were to elect only biologists to Congress we would get enlightened legislation—that is, not political legislation, but scientific. "The danger in the United States," he says, "is not from the 90,000,000 who have no sense, but from the 4,000,000 who have. Artificial selection has replaced natural selection, and as a result the 4,000,000 are decreasing while the 90,000,000 are increasing."

Government is, then, on the wrong track. It is endeavoring by artificial processes, by which this authority means—and cites—laws for the encouragement of hygiene and sanitation, even for the spread and application of medical knowledge, to redeem and make good citizens of the unfit, when it ought to be concerned in saving the fit, who alone can redeem and preserve the race. If government should switch to the right track it would let the 90,000,000 alone to destroy themselves as quickly as possible and function solely for the benefit of the 4,000,000. Biologists would know the right kind of legislation to provide in that case.

It seems to us that this is a theory neither new nor untried. We do not know that government ever was turned over to the biologists, indeed, but the theory that government should concern itself only with the fit, or those supposed to be fit, has had a pretty good test and is generally conceded to have failed. So far as history discloses, the governments that have tried to leaven the masses rather than to preserve the classes have been the best civilization builders. The defects in the civilization they have helped to build are apparent enough, but, grave and numerous as they are, they fall far short of those evils that accompanied the contrary principle. Even the fit, we imagine, if there could be any agreement on who they are, would be found to have sprung from what this authority calls the unfit. Certainly there have been no wide biological experiments made among the fit in order to preserve them, and if they still exist at all as 4,000,000, or any other number, it is apparent their stock must have been replenished from the mass. This seems to knock out the theory that the unfit cannot be made fit, and if they have been we must attribute part of the process at least to the spread by governmental agencies of that knowledge which this biological theory denounces as useless and impossible of result.

If there are 90,000,000 people in America who have no sense, that is in some sort an indictment of government, but it would be open to graver indictment if it abandoned the attempt to put sense in them in favor of the attempt to preserve the sense of the 4,000,000 and with it their exclusive right to live, rule and possess the earth. If there is a process clearly discernible in civilization, it is that classes unduly favored by government deteriorate. They do not stay fit, as the history of every privileged order has shown. They go down and the class that this authority calls unfit comes up. They do not come up through the operation of biological laws, either, but by the operation of laws directed to the spread of knowledge, the betterment of living conditions and the improvement of social relationships. This is the business of government. It is a business it does not always attend to, or attend to intelligently and persistently. It gets off on other things. But it gets back to it every once in a while, and when it does we think we note some results. No doubt the biologists and scientists in every branch can help, too, but probably not as political legislators. Their business is to teach and help knowledge along so that the 90,000,000, or whatever their number is, can produce more and better political legislators. Government must save the 90,000,000 first, and then it will be time enough to consider the plight of the 4,000,000.

What Readers Are Thinking

Looking Back on Japan

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The very interesting article by Adachi Kinnosuke in last Sunday's Tribune induced the following thoughts:

Many old fellows, like the writer, in his ninety-second year, must recall with smiles and chagrin their vague ideas regarding the Japanese, say seventy years ago. We recognized their art, what little we knew of it, but not their mentality, and as to civilization! Of course our ignorance was due to Japan's system of exclusion and isolation. Looking back—it is to laugh.

New York, Aug. 2, 1922. K.

Safety by the Golden Rule

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your editorial "Why Not a Safety Year?" is most timely. Why not make it a safety year every year? By cutting out selfishness, greed and speed and by universally applying the Golden Rule the safety of pedestrians and vehicular travelers may be rendered quite secure.

Take one theme at a time. Exploit the dangers and the possible remedies and preventives. Grind the subject to a pulp by a constant, not intermittent, hammering home of the truth. Nag, if you like, the offenders into the Golden Rule circle.

Then discuss another of the vicious practices that break down the safety barriers. Treat the violators, in phrase and picture, to repeated coats of the blackest printer's ink. Call them what they are—reapers.

Invite remedial suggestions from your readers on each phase of this vital subject as it is being treated. Give the greatest possible publicity to each offending class and to the remedies. I believe a wide discussion of "The Golden Rule Is Safety" will be fruitful.

H. G. KING.

New York, July 31, 1922.

Another Who Remembers

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I was much interested in Frederick A. Hubbard's "Gone Where the Woodbine Twineth." I, too, lived in Jim Fisk's day, and although less than eight years old when the Duke Alexis parade marched up Broadway, I well remember the great applause for Fisk as he passed 470. The Connecticut militia were in that parade, and to me, a New Haven boy, the 2d Connecticut was pointed out.

My memory of Fisk's appearance was as leader of "Jim Fisk's Band." I suppose as colonel of the 9th he became the patron rather than actual leader of the band. Those days are gone and now there are no such men as Fisk, Berry Wall, Travers, Russell Sage. I imagine even Chauncey Depew could pass down the Avenue from Fifty-ninth to Forty-second Street almost without recognition. New York is big, but not nearly so interesting as thirty or forty years ago.

New York, Aug. 1, 1922. E.

Public Links' Shortcomings

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: All golfers must pay $10 this year for the license to play golf on public links. About $100,000 is thus collected from the people for use of their own parks. Yet, apparently, it is not used on the links—they are in the usual unkept and unkempt condition. The greens are scarcely ever rolled or kept smooth or cut closely; good putting is impossible. No police are on hand to drive off hoodlums and small boys who steal balls.

Thousands want more links, and there is room for eighteen holes on the west side of the pond at Van Cortlandt and for nine holes toward Mosholu station. The present links are overcrowded. In Chicago and other cities citizens pay nothing except for lockers, but have first class courses. New York charges $10 for license to play and $10 for lockers besides.

I think that we must go to Albany and get a law for the public links, appropriating the license money to care of the links, a first class professional in charge and building new links. The politicians will do nothing to help us.

Such a "pro" in charge will put the beginners on a special nine-hole course while they learn the game. You might as well let little boys and girls play on your billiard table and spoil it as to let the beginners spoil the fairways and greens. It's a shame. CITIZEN.

New York, Aug. 3, 1922.